

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCES FOLLOW!"

NO. 38.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

VOL. II.

THE MOUNTAINEER

EVERY SATURDAY.

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ADVERTISING. (For Rates, see inside of this paper.)

Poetry.

SUMMER.

BY ELLIAN.

How high, lift high, your morning gates, O June!

To welcome fancies bringing summer charms,

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what was far worse, servile war; and he would make a prophecy, that by the time this matter was settled, the peculiar institution of the South would be swept away. Let us finish things while we are about it, and leave nothing behind us."

If this had been some impulsive radical, apt to go off at random, we should have paid but little attention to it. But Mr. Dickinson is a representative man. He has been a member of the United States Senate from the great State of New York, and a candidate for the Presidency. The State of Virginia once presented him as her candidate to the Democratic National Convention, and he declined the honor. For years he has been the recognized leader of the most extreme Pro-Slavery wing of the New York conservative Democrats.

Under such circumstances, a declaration like the above from him creates a sensation, not temporary, but deep and lasting. His utterance is copied and commented upon all over the North, nowhere with censure, and occasionally with approval. Nor is it to be denied that Mr. Dickinson spoke the sentiments of vast numbers of people in the North who are weary of this unending negro excitement, and are resolved now to make a finish of it in some way. If the South is, as it seems to be, bent on accomplishing the ruin of all Northern merchants and manufacturers doing business with it, there does not appear to be any longer reason to restrain the danger to Southern society from the explosion of slavery, against which we have all struggled so long, and to prevent which we have made so many sacrifices.

The time has at length arrived when we cannot afford to slight this matter with a few generous words. We have struggled vainly to make our Southern friends understand the madness of the course they are pursuing; but since they seem to be bent on compassing our ruin as well as their own, it is best that we should lay bare the whole wound and probe it to the full depth. Before doing so, let us repeat that the practical course the South is pursuing towards its Northern creditors must involve us from all considerations of fellowship. Those who choose to become outlaws must take the justice which is meted to them. We have, on a recent occasion, given in full the infamous provision urged in Tennessee with regard to Northern debts. Had as they them, the Governor of Georgia has undertaken to carry them into effect. He has issued a proclamation forbidding the payment of debts due to Northern men, and requiring them to be paid into the treasury of the State for public service. In a similar way our vessels happening to be in Southern ports have been seized before the commencement of any war, and the policy of privatising to prey upon our commerce is earnestly engaged in.

As we therefore, owe nothing to the honor or honesty of the South, we may, if we choose, pay her up in her own coin; or, rather, inflict upon her such a blow as she will not easily recover from. The South has affected to laugh at the idea of the slaves taking advantage of the trouble to secure their liberty. But no sooner did the Northern troops enter Maryland, than even there, where the institution assumes its mildest form, and would be safe, if anywhere, the negroes fled to them as friends, and besought them to be allowed to accompany the army. One slave was promptly returned by a New York company, and his owner immediately put him in jail. There were a number of cases, and in each instance the Northern men refused to countenance the fugitives. Nay, more; Brig-Gen. Butler, in command of Annapolis and the Northern troops, addresses the following letter to the Governor of Maryland:

"I have understood within the last hour that some apprehensions were entertained of an insurrection of the negro population of this neighborhood. I am anxious to convince all classes of persons that the forces under my command are not here in any way to interfere with, or countenance any interference with, the laws of the State. I am, therefore, ready to co-operate with your Excellency in suppressing, most promptly and effectively, any insurrection against the laws of Maryland."

Some two months ago, while Lieut. Slemmer was in command of Fort Pickens, seven slaves fled to the fort as a place of refuge, but were at once returned to their owners, by whom they were mercilessly punished. When these slaves were surrendered, Lieut. Slemmer was desperately in need of men, and they would have been of essential use to him. A rebel, belonging to the force besieging the fort, is reported to have said that if the slaves had not been given up, all that part of Florida. And who can doubt it?

Gov. Sprague returned to their owner, the Hon. George W. Hughes, of Washington, Md., three slaves who followed the Rhode Island regiment ten miles in hopes of escape. Foremost Monroe, also, is very much annoyed by fugitive slaves seeking refuge there, but in all cases they are returned.

While our Northern troops are thus chivalrously taking care of an institution which they all abhor, the South is forcing the negroes to work in the building of forts and in doing all the drudgery of war, and in New Orleans and Memphis are arming the free negroes. Cases have been paraded in Southern papers where slaves and free negroes had invested all their hard-earned savings in bonds of the loan to aid the rebel government. Does anybody believe this is done voluntarily? When the blacks hear constantly all about these so much said against us as the enemies

of slavery, is it likely that they would do such acts? No. The South is forcing the negroes into the war, and it must take whatever consequences may arise therefrom.

Nor are these lacking northern combustibles to kindle this terrible conflagration. John Brown, Jr., the son of old Ossawatimie Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety, is gathering at Beaver Creek, in Western Pennsylvania, a force of negroes to invade the South and free the slaves. There can be no doubt of this. Four hundred were gathered, at the last accounts, and were in camp undergoing military instruction. They were expecting fifteen hundred blacks additional in a few days, and had received a large supply of provisions from Pittsburgh. They are within a day's march of the Virginia line, are well dressed and armed, principally come from Canada, and, therefore, are escaped fugitives eager to wreak their vengeance on the Southern whites. Led by the son of John Brown, they will be dangerous indeed.

In the Mobile Register we find an account of another projected raid, which that paper says is accompanied by the name of the writer, with a request that it should not be published lest it bring him to punishment. He says that a gang of eleven or twelve hundred desperate men is organizing in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin, to set out for Texas, to stir up the Indians to hostilities, plunder the country, and, of course, free the slaves. The leader is a man named John, expelled from Arkansas as an Abolitionist, and eager for revenge. Another branch of the expedition is to sail from Boston in a vessel laden with ice, bound for Florida, and is to operate on the Gulf coast east of Texas.

If a servile insurrection becomes formidable anywhere, what is to keep it down all over the South? It is well known that the whole four millions of slaves are in a ferment, and expect their speedy liberation. Yet, with this mine under their feet, the Southern States are rushing into a war, the events of which may place it beyond our power to arrest the catastrophe alluded to. Already we find Northern journals eagerly advocating the policy of encouraging fugitive slaves. It may be that when the insurrection happens, as happen it must, there will be generals and men in our army generously disposed to carry out the idea of General Butler, and turn aside from the duty before them to suppress the revolt. But it is time that we should decide what we are to do. We are embarking in a war to vindicate the authority of the Government and to suppress rebellion. If the slaveholders are insane enough to war against us, let them with their own power take care of their slaves. We do not perceive that they are capable of understanding the obligation they would be under to us for such services, and, in a military point of view, it is not difficult to perceive which way our advantage lies.—Philadelphia North American.

destroying property in fighting, that the national wealth is rapidly diminishing.

When Frederick the Great, of Prussia, was contending with Austria for the possession of Silesia, he said he would fight as long as there was a potato in the kingdom, and Macaulay says he did fight until the great mass of the people had nothing to eat but potatoes, and every private fortune in the country was destroyed. Louis XIV., too, kept France at war with combined Europe till the very nobles were reduced to a diet of black bread, and numbers of the people died of starvation.

HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR.

To those who are unfamiliar with the history of civil war, and are now, perhaps rejoicing at the prospects of a "brush," we would commend the following. It will give him a pretty good idea of what we may surely expect unless reason rules the day:

As a warning to the American people at this time they should read the history of the French Revolution, and contemplate its horrible results. The extent to which blood was shed during its continuance will hardly be credited by the present age, but is correctly stated that the number of victims reached 1,022,351. Of this number 15,603 were guillotined by the order of the Revolutionary Tribunals; 32,000 at Lyons; 3,400 women of premature child birth from grief; and there were slain during the war in La Vendee, 800,000 men, 15,000 women and 22,000 children. In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacre at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carcass, and other prisoners, on the 24 of September; the victims shot at Toulon and Marseilles; or the persons slain in the little town of Bedon, of which the whole population perished.

This is but the history, embracing a very short period, of a single nation. If the records of all other nations that have foolishly warred with each other, were written and compressed within a narrow compass, what consternation and horror would be excited! Reckless men though not truly brave, may look these dangers in the face, but let them give a passing thought to the thousands of innocent helpless ones that must be involved in the horrid catastrophe.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

C. B. McDONALD, lecturing in the University of California, concluded a discourse on "Cardinal Richelieu" in the following paragraphs, for which we are indebted to the Mirror:

But, let us observe the great Cardinal when the doors of the invisible are set ajar. The worst coward may in life deceive the world with a show of untiring valor, but it requires substantial courage to stand unquailing when the mysteries of Eternity are about to be unveiled. Having triumphed over his malignant enemies, brought conspiracy to the block or dagger, and reduced the lawless nobles to insignificance, Richelieu began to near the equal republic of the Dead, physically, a weak old man, but in soul, indomitable, unflinching. Unlike Cardinal Wolsey, he did not weep, and cringe, and lose his manhood when about to be deprived of his power; but he stood like a strong, stubborn oak, bending before the assaulting storm, the while gathering his vast energies for a tremendous recoil. Neither did his check blanch nor his tongue falter with fear when the wail of the wretched waves came down the shores of Eternity; but he died as he had lived, without fear and without remorse. Feeling the chill atmosphere of the grave gathering about him, the dying statesman bade his friends draw near, resigned the Ministry, pronounced a last benediction on his beloved France, and like a fearless eagle, plumed among the immortal ones, who stand like tall archangels ranged along the parapets of Fame.

It is a sublime spectacle to see a brave old man fearlessly yield up his spirit to his Maker. To the warrior on the battle field, amid the clangor of silver and steel. Death comes without its terrors; to the saintly child, breathing out life on his mother's breast, he comes like an angel of light to a vale of shadows; but to the aged and dying statesman, whose country has been his idol, whose name has been deeply graven on the solid masonry of the age, whose God has been Jehovah, whose shrine has been the Cross, whose faith immortality, the grim sorcerer comes in the chariot of the translated prophet, to bear the emancipated soul through radiant avenues of stars whose first light has been falling toward the earth since the birth of ages. The old tree, leafless in the forest, wakes the loudest echoes by its fall; the old tower, reeling from its foundation, uproots the clashing evergreen, and in its destruction proclaims the instability of all earthly things, and the old man, who for three-score and ten years has braved the battle and the breeze, white-haired and tottering in very weariness of life, but still strong and undiminished in soul, proclaims in the last faltering speech of physical death, that there is a glorious immortality of the mind, measuring in the arithmetic of infinity and bewildering to the imagination of archangels who behold the projection of the spheres and watch the new created worlds going to explore their eternal orbits.

Just posterity has awarded to Richelieu the greatest too often denied the hero and statesman by envious contemporaries. From the time of Charles the Great, France had not a ruler so illustrious.

He extended her territory, improved the army, created her fleet, destroyed the oppressive tyranny of the Nobles, and fixed the language by founding the French Academy. He abased the King that the monarchy might be illustrious, established a despotism that anarchy might cease, devalued the nobility, that commerce, learning and order might come to the people, and intrigued and imprisoned, banished and beheaded, lived, died and was immortal for the glory and exaltation of France. His sins were many and dark, but they were only spots on a wide disc of solar light; his fierce passions, like the trade winds, often stirred the beach with wrecks, but they also brought to the harbor stately ships freighted with the treasures of India. In the cabinet he was the Argus with an hundred eyes, in the field a Briar rose with an hundred arms. In camp, in court, in cabinet, he was the day-star of France's national glory, rising from the twilight of the middle ages, a beacon for all after statesmen, gleaming forever on the horizon, like the eternal compass of the Pole.

With all his transcendent mind, Richelieu was superstitious—it was that he was too successful not to be superstitious. He believed in the prophecies of the stars and translated from the multinational alphabet of the heavens the destinies which God had there written for Richelieu and for France. But he passed not under the sweet influences of the Pleiades; nor asked the prophecy of the gentle Heper; he studied under the constellated lamps of Orion with his glittering sword, or sought for Arcturus with his bow, or Mars with his lurid glare, or a headlong comet, outlashed from the spheres. Two hundred and fifty years after, the proud Republic of the West, distracted, dismembered and anarchical, with discolored flag, divided stripes and wandering stars, requires one heart as indomitable, a will as resistless, and an arm as strong with nerves of steel as was that of Armand Richelieu.

God grant that another Richelieu may not be called to utter his eloquent lamentations among the fallen arches and broken monuments and dethroned statuary of a second Rome, or another Marins to mourn amid the ruins of a modern Carthage; or, that when the clouds are darkest and the gloom deepest, some one may come from among the despairing people, fit for a far more wife than I am. What will you do with the accomplishments you have spent so much time on—your French, music, painting, etc.?"

"Use them to beautify my home; and make my husband happier."

"All nonsense! you'll find by the time the honeymoon is over, if not before, that your husband cares a great deal more for your proficiency in housekeeping than in music, painting, etc. To tell the truth, now, can you make a good loaf of bread, get a decent meal of victuals, or make a shirt, or a pair of pants?"

CHINESE SELF-SACRIFICE.

A HONG KONG paper contains the following account by an eye witness of a voluntary sacrifice of life by a disconsolate widow:

"A few days since I met a Chinese procession passing through the foreign settlement, escorting a young female in scarlet and gold, in a richly-decorated chair, the object of which I found was to invite the public to come and see her hand herself—a step she had resolved to take in consequence of the death of her husband, by which she had been left a childless widow. Both being orphans, this event had severed her dearest earthly ties, and she hoped by this sacrifice to secure to herself eternal happiness, and a meeting with her husband in the next world. I repaired on the day appointed to the indicated spot. We had scarcely arrived when the same procession was seen advancing from the jostling of the widow's native village toward a scaffold and gallows erected in an adjacent field, and surrounded by hundreds of natives of both sexes. The female procession, attired in their gayest holiday costume, were very numerous. The procession having reached the foot of the scaffold, the lady was assisted to ascend by her male attendant, and after having welcomed the crowd, partook with some female relations of a repast prepared for her at a table on the scaffold, which she appeared to appreciate extremely. A child in arms was then placed upon the table, which she caressed and adorned with a necklace she had worn herself. She then took an ornamental basket containing rice, herbs, and flowers, and while scattering them among the crowd, delivered a short address, thanking them for their attendance, and upholding the motives which urged her to the step she was about to take. This done, a salute of three bombs announced the arrival of the time for the performance of the last act of existence, when a delay was occasioned by the discovery of the absence of a reluctant brother, pending whose arrival let me describe the means of extermination. The gallows was formed by an upright timber on each side of the scaffold, supporting a stout bamboo, from the centre of which was suspended a loop of red cord, with a small wooden ring embracing both parts of it, which was covered by a red silk handkerchief, the whole being being surrounded by an awning. The missing brother having been induced to appear, the widow now proceeded to mount on a chair placed under the noose, and to ascertain its fitness for her reception, deliberately placed her head in it, then withdrawing her head, she waved a final adieu to the admiring spectators, and committed herself to its embraces for the last time, throwing the red handkerchief over her head. Her supporters were now about to be withdrawn, when she was restrained by several voices in the crowd that she had omitted to draw the ring which should lighten the cord round the

neck. Smiling an acknowledgement of the reminder, she adjusted the ring, and motioning away her supporters was left hanging in mid air. With extraordinary self-possession she now placed her hands together before her, and continued to perform the manual chin-chins until the convulsions of strangulation separated them, and she was dead. The body was left hanging about an hour, and then taken down by her male attendants, one of whom immediately took possession of the halter, and was about to sever it, for the purpose of appropriating a portion, when a struggle ensued. This is the third instance of suicide of this sort within as many weeks. The authorities are quite unable to prevent it, and a monument is invariably erected to the memory of the devoted widow."

AUNT PATTIE ON "MATH-MONY."

"It's all nonsense, Lizzie, for a girl of your age to be talking about marriage. How old do I think you are? Oh, sixteen or seventeen."

"Is it possible? No matter what I was going to say will apply as well at twenty as at sixteen. You are dreaming, no doubt, of having a 'noble looking man, with hair the color of the raven's wing, and eyes dark as midnight,' for a husband, and a beautiful little white cottage in the suburbs of some large city for a residence."

"Why, Aunt Pattie, how you do talk! I thought you knew me better than that. I am not romantic, and furthermore, I am already engaged to as nice a young man as there is in the country. My husband to be, is a farmer."

"Already engaged? Bless me! you had better stay at home and take care of your old father than to go off and marry a man that you know nothing about, and—"

"Why, I've known him ever since we were children, and as for father, he will live with us."

"Know him ever since you were both children; why, you're nothing but a child now—and so, you are to be a farmer's wife. I advise you, Lizzie, to break that engagement at once. You are no more fit for a farmer's wife than I am. What will you do with the accomplishments you have spent so much time on—your French, music, painting, etc.?"

"Use them to beautify my home; and make my husband happier."

"All nonsense! you'll find by the time the honeymoon is over, if not before, that your husband cares a great deal more for your proficiency in housekeeping than in music, painting, etc. To tell the truth, now, can you make a good loaf of bread, get a decent meal of victuals, or make a shirt, or a pair of pants?"

"No."

"Ah! I thought so. Now, when your husband comes into the house tired and hungry, and finds a dinner that no one, except some one on the verge of starvation could eat, do you think he would pay any attention to the beautiful painting you had just finished, or to the new song you've just learned? And will he think you have done them to make him happy? By no means. Men are a selfish class, and he will think, even if he don't say it, that if you had wanted to make him happy, you might have got a dinner that he could eat. There, there, child, don't cry. You are young, and now that you see the importance of it, will learn all these things. Isn't your fault that you don't know them; they are not taught at boarding school, I believe."

"Oh, aunt, I never looked at it in this light before, but I'll try and make myself worthy of my husband to be, (for he is a noble fellow, and you would say so, aunt, if you knew him.) I see now how little use all that I have taken so much pains to learn will be to me as a farmer's wife."

"No, there you're wrong again; if your husband is a sensible man, (of course, he is not—the day of sensible men is past,) he will love you the more, for being not only an excellent housekeeper, but being able, by your splendid education, to entertain the most intelligent persons in the country. Oh! these men, these men, what curse they are to the ladies, to be sure. How much happier we should be without them."

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

There is a famous prescription in use in England, says the Springfield Republican, for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The recipe came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, commander of the "Great Eastern" steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months, and at the end of that time had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite.

The recipe, which he afterward published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows:

"Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 drachms; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm; twice a day." This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that abject, physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

where the appetite for liquor is not too strong the medicine supplies the place of the accustomed drink entirely, but Mr. Hall continued the use of liquor at first with the medicine, diminishing the amount gradually until he was able to throw away his bottle and glass altogether, after which he continued to take the medicine a month or two, till he felt that he was wholly restored to self-control, and could rejoice in a sound mind in a sound body.

THE HINDOO HONEY MOON.

GASCOOIT says: "The hushy glen, or bride's chamber, is crowded with women during the night, who entertain the married couple with songs, make the bridegroom sing, and answer, if he can, some puzzling questions, enigmas, etc. The reader will notice that here there is allowed free intercourse in speech between the man and the woman. But it should here be explained that these women must be sisters of the bride or her brother's wives, near or distant relations. Her mother or sister, who, in law, would be such to the bridegroom, do not enter into the mirth of the hushy glen. The next morning his father has to pay some money to the following persons: the police of the village, the man who teaches the school, the Brahmin who teaches the Sanskrit scholars, the men who sweep the temple, images, etc. etc. etc. low caste people, and a general sum to the women who enter, or rather plague, the night previous. He then starts for his own village with his wife and some of the servants. Both she and her mother bathe in tears as they part. Being received at his home, he stands in the yard on a raised seat and the girl before him on a dish with milk in it. She holds a live fish in her right hand, and he stretches out and puts his hand upon her head. Seven married women walk round them seven times, blowing some *shanty* and pouring water on the ground from a pitcher as they walk. Then comes the bride's feast, at which hundreds from different castes are invited if she be a Brahmin. The persons invited from the relatives and friends see the face of the bride and put some money in her hand. When they see her, the attendant maid takes off the veil from her face and she closes her eyes. This mode is very good, indeed, for nobody can notice the color and size of her eyes, whether they are dark, blue, or green, small, or large. When her own caste sit at the dinner, she brings a little rice to some of the leading men. The full *shanti*, or full meal of flowers, together with a large quantity of sweets, confectionaries, fruits and clothes, are sent by her father on the third day after the marriage, which are distributed to the families in the neighborhood. After staying through eight days, she returns to her father's house, and occasionally goes to her new home until she attains her thirteenth year, when she commences a regular married life. As it is my desire to relate the scenes of Hindoo life, I faithfully as the rules of propriety will allow, I should say that there is a second marriage which occurs during two or three years after the first."

Miscellaneous.

HAND-MADE WOODEN WIVES.—Mrs. Lamb has handed 110 cords of wood, one-third of a pile with a pair of two-year old babies, and piled it on the shore of Mowat Lake, Me. This winter single-handed. A Miss Parford also, on a hand-saw, hauled 30 cords of wood to the shore of the same lake.

THE FIRE ZOOLOGICAL.—The uniform of Ellsworth's Fire Zoos was of grey cloth, with a red shirt, the collar of which turned broadly over a flowing jacket. They are armed with Sharp's rifles, to which the sabre bayonet is to be attached. These arms were purchased by private funds, at a cost of \$10,000.

TELEGRAPHY IN GREAT BRITAIN.—There are in Great Britain four lines of electric or magnetic telegraphs, namely: the Electric and International Line, the British and Irish Magnetic and South Eastern Railway Line, and the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Line. The first of these lines extends over a distance of 6,161 miles; the second, of 3,550 miles; the third, 201 miles; and the fourth, 113 miles, making the total length of all the lines 10,025 miles. The length of the wires used in all these lines amounted in the year 1858 to 45,250 miles; the number of stations opened for the public was 963; and the number of telegrams sent was 4,095.

JERUSALEM.—A correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury, writing from Rome, states that French officers have lately been very busy in obtaining information respecting Jerusalem and the state of things in that quarter. He adds that they had been taking measurements in several localities, particularly the ground that lies about the Mosque of Omar, on Mount Moriah. From Jerusalem they have gone to Beisan, Gaza and other points, for the like purpose. It was also recently reported that a body of French troops was shortly to come to Jerusalem, while another would be stationed at Jaffa, and a third on Mount Carmel. At Beisan, by the way, the French officers openly affirmed that their Government had no intention of withdrawing the force sent out, but were about to employ them shortly on a new and very different errand to that for which they were actually sent. The French were also actively employed in making a road from the Holy City to Damascus, along which they were erecting houses at certain intervals. It is said that such a scheme as this intelligence shows to be in the course of development, points to the realising of the Jews' favorite idea of regaining the seat of the Empire.

Selections.

THE BLACKS AND THE REBELLION.

There are other ways of crushing the spirit of the Southern rebellion than by arms and battles, and any general survey of the operations of the campaign which is now opening, in order to be complete, must include these. Some are rather doubtful in character, and men at the North will differ seriously about them. We propose to notice first, in order that the public may have ample time for reflecting upon the consequences of their own cooperation incident to some sudden excitement. We have witnessed several such wild, fanatical outbreaks of public spirit since the commencement of the present difficulties, when it would have been dangerous to turn the inflamed multitude in a wrong direction.

First we desire to call attention to the subject of the Southern slaves, which, despite all that can be done, will thrust itself prominently before the people, and in every alarming way, too. We cannot better introduce this theme than by quoting the following extract of a speech delivered by the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City, since the outbreak of the war:

"He said that he had long endeavored to stay the storm that has now arisen, and to bring about some peaceful settlement of affairs. But now the South, first by seceding, and second by firing on the old flag, had closed the door of reconciliation. He was meeting them on their own ground. He would have no half-way measures—no compromises. Let us settle this thing speedily and surely. It may ruin this generation, but we owe it to the next that they should have no such troubles as we have had. He would strike now in our night, and, if necessary, wipe the South from the face of the earth. He knew they would have civil war, and

what was far worse, servile war; and he would make a prophecy, that by the time this matter was settled, the peculiar institution of the South would be swept away. Let us finish things while we are about it, and leave nothing behind us."

If this had been some impulsive radical, apt to go off at random, we should have paid but little attention to it. But Mr. Dickinson is a representative man. He has been a member of the United States Senate from the great State of New York, and a candidate for the Presidency. The State of Virginia once presented him as her candidate to the Democratic National Convention, and he declined the honor. For years he has been the recognized leader of the most extreme Pro-Slavery wing of the New York conservative Democrats.

Under such circumstances, a declaration like the above from him creates a sensation, not temporary, but deep and lasting. His utterance is copied and commented upon all over the North, nowhere with censure, and occasionally with approval. Nor is it to be denied that Mr. Dickinson spoke the sentiments of vast numbers of people in the North who are weary of this unending negro excitement, and are resolved now to make a finish of it in some way. If the South is, as it seems to be, bent on accomplishing the ruin of all Northern merchants and manufacturers doing business with it, there does not appear to be any longer reason to restrain the danger to Southern society from the explosion of slavery, against which we have all struggled so long, and to prevent which we have made so many sacrifices.

The time has at length arrived when we cannot afford to slight this matter with a few generous words. We have struggled vainly to make our Southern friends understand the madness of the course they are pursuing; but since they seem to be bent on compassing our ruin as well as their own, it is best that we should lay bare the whole wound and probe it to the full depth. Before doing so, let us repeat that the practical course the South is pursuing towards its Northern creditors must involve us from all considerations of fellowship. Those who choose to become outlaws must take the justice which is meted to them. We have, on a recent occasion, given in full the infamous provision urged in Tennessee with regard to Northern debts. Had as they them, the Governor of Georgia has undertaken to carry them into effect. He has issued a proclamation forbidding the payment of debts due to Northern men, and requiring them to be paid into the treasury of the State for public service. In a similar way our vessels happening to be in Southern ports have been seized before the commencement of any war, and the policy of privatising to prey upon our commerce is earnestly engaged in.

As we therefore, owe nothing to the honor or honesty of the South, we may, if we choose, pay her up in her own coin; or, rather, inflict upon her such a blow as she will not easily recover from. The South has affected to laugh at the idea of the slaves taking advantage of the trouble to secure their liberty. But no sooner did the Northern troops enter Maryland, than even there, where the institution assumes its mildest form, and would be safe, if anywhere, the negroes fled to them as friends, and besought them to be allowed to accompany the army. One slave was promptly returned by a New York company, and his owner immediately put him in jail. There were a number of cases, and in each instance the Northern men refused to countenance the fugitives. Nay, more; Brig-Gen. Butler, in command of Annapolis and the Northern troops, addresses the following letter to the Governor of Maryland:

"I have understood within the last hour that some apprehensions were entertained of an insurrection of the negro population of this neighborhood. I am anxious to convince all classes of persons that the forces under my command are not here in any way to interfere with, or countenance any interference with, the laws of the State. I am, therefore, ready to co-operate with your Excellency in suppressing, most promptly and effectively, any insurrection against the laws of Maryland."

Some two months ago, while Lieut. Slemmer was in command of Fort Pickens, seven slaves fled to the fort as a place of refuge, but were at once returned to their owners, by whom they were mercilessly punished. When these slaves were surrendered, Lieut. Slemmer was desperately in need of men, and they would have been of essential use to him. A rebel, belonging to the force besieging the fort, is reported to have said that if the slaves had not been given up, all that part of Florida. And who can doubt it?

Gov. Sprague returned to their owner, the Hon. George W. Hughes, of Washington, Md., three slaves who followed the Rhode Island regiment ten miles in hopes of escape. Foremost Monroe, also, is very much annoyed by fugitive slaves seeking refuge there, but in all cases they are returned.

While our Northern troops are thus chivalrously taking care of an institution which they all abhor, the South is forcing the negroes to work in the building of forts and in doing all the drudgery of war, and in New Orleans and Memphis are arming the free negroes. Cases have been paraded in Southern papers where slaves and free negroes had invested all their hard-earned savings in bonds of the loan to aid the rebel government. Does anybody believe this is done voluntarily? When the blacks hear constantly all about these so much said against us as the enemies

of slavery, is it likely that they would do such acts? No. The South is forcing the negroes into the war, and it must take whatever consequences may arise therefrom.

Nor are these lacking northern combustibles to kindle this terrible conflagration. John Brown, Jr., the son of old Ossawatimie Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety, is gathering at Beaver Creek, in Western Pennsylvania, a force of negroes to invade the South and free the slaves. There can be no